

CRACCUM

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Students' Newspaper

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Shakespeare's 400th Anniversary



To draw no envy (Shakespeare) on thy
name,
Am I thus ample to thy Booke, and
Fame:

While I confesse thy writings to be
such,
As neither Man, nor Muse, can
praise too much.



CRACCUM

Whatsoe'er that dare we think,
That dare we also print.

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The Dead

"Critic" Carves Council

THE Easter Council meeting of the New Zealand University Students' Association has shown itself incapable of being anything else to the average student than a prime generator of hot air. Judged as a national organisation, NZUSA has been ineffective in mobilising public opinion in favour of students, or making students' opinions heard.

The effectiveness of NZUSA can be readily indexed by the amount of publicity given to its decisions in the newspapers. The Easter Council of 1964 did not rate a mention in many of them. In the others its voice filtered through as a platitudinous squeak. The daily newspapers, as a rule, print news which is most likely to interest or affect the general public. NZUSA's decisions are obviously considered as not being in this category.

The Council has asked for abolition of bonded bursaries—nothing has been done. It has asked for changes in the licensing hours—but the 6 o'clock swill goes on; and it has asked for more student accommodation, but "steady does it" reigns supreme in Wellington. Its major remits are not worth the paper they are written on.

NZUSA's reactions are notoriously slow. General policy decisions are made only by full council, which converts any question of principle into a procedural wrangle among a mass of squabbling delegations. By the time any motion is finished with, its original purpose has vanished in the haze caused by the emission of vast amounts of hot air, that is if it has not been left to lie on the table, moved to be not put, talked to death or otherwise side-tracked.

The resident exec cannot make any policy decisions owing to the constitution. The council debates important issues only at its meetings twice a year.

NZUSA is not representative of student opinion. The Otago dele-

gates are elected by Exec, which is elected by Student Council, which is elected (theoretically) by the students. The national president and executive are elected by the delegates, of course, as only these exalted persons are judged to have enough intelligence and knowledge to make the choice. The average student is regarded as too dumb.

National elections for a national executive are regarded with horror by the clique, as the candidates will have to do some electioneering, and this would never do. Why, they might even have to state their views on some important issues.

The remits passed are not representative of student opinion. The Otago remits were not even debated before Student Council, but it is doubtful whether that apathetic body would have anything to say, anyway.

However, a few of them may just think for themselves, and it is just possible that some of those few would have been able to put their thoughts into coherent sentences.

The only other student body which can claim to be representative is Congress. Its meetings are attended by ordinary students who spend some time debating their remits. This Easter, most of these remits did not even come before full NZUSA council.

NZUSA has shown itself to be useless as a national student body. Most students do not know it exists. This is perhaps its greatest protection.

CONTROVERSIAL EDITOR OF "CRACCUM", JOHN SANDERS, INTERVIEWED IN HIS BAKUNIN TYPE BUNGALOW, MUTTERED INTO HIS BEARD WHEN ASKED WHETHER IT WAS TRUE THAT AS A RESULT OF OFFICIAL EXECUTIVE PHILISTINISM HE WAS RESIGNING. "DON'T GET ME WRONG", HE SAID.

"Those boys at the top are trying to do a good job. Some of us were born to be intellectuals and others latrine sweepers, though it does seem a pity that in this age of democracy, the latrine sweepers have got to the top."

Asked about his reasons for resignation, Mr Sanders said, "Don't get me wrong. I love that group at the top. They're almost human beings like you and me."

I left Sanders kneeling on the floor wringing his hands and moaning in a loud voice: "I have been wrong," he cried. "To challenge the divine right of authorities. Some of us are born masters and some servants. Every man has his place. My mistake was not to know mine."

"I have," he concluded, "taken out a subscription for the Baptist Church, the League of Empire Loyalists, and the New Zealand Herald."

John Sanders (rhymes with slanders), when interviewed, categorically denied the rumour of his resignation. "It is," he said, "a puerile Capping Week jape organised by certain inebriated pseudo-intellectuals, in particular one Nabakovian trickster. His plagiarising pen is easily recognisable."

Letters

stop this nonsense

Sir,

I wish to put forward in your columns a proposal which I feel sure will be supported by a very large number of students. I propose that the Student Building Fund Appeal should be ended. A date should be decided on (I suggest June 30), and the money still required at that date should be raised by a loan. Several reasons can be given in favour of a quick conclusion to the appeal:

(1) The appeal has been in progress for one year now, and it is quite obvious that the Auckland public has given all the money to the appeal that it wants to. A superhuman effort would be required to make it give the same amount again (which is still required to achieve the appeal target).

(2) The holding of further raffles, workdays, concerts, special efforts and so on in aid of the handicap on those working for appeal would impose a serious these projects, who are students and who have better ways of occupying their time, besides being a great source of annoyance to the public, which is imposed on to pay the money. The students of Auckland University cannot expect to get public respect if they are for ever scrounging money.

(3) It is wrong in principle that present students should have to consume excessive amounts of time and effort raising funds for a building which they will never use. Future students will take it as no imposition to be asked to pay off a loan for a building which they themselves are using.

Uptown

at the opening

IN his excellent book *The Expatriate, a Study of Frances Hodgkins*, E. H. McCormick quotes that Dunedin-born painter as saying in London: "They are lovely people, the New Zealanders, so hospitable and so charming. But for God's sake don't talk to them about art!"

Attitudes toward art in New Zealand may be changing, though a spirit of anti-professionalism could be healthy if it would lead to the establishment of what Sir Herbert Read has termed a "civilisation from under". The alternative is intolerance and aesthetic self-righteousness, culminating in the "symptoms of decadence" outlined by Sir Herbert Read: catastrophic control of art by politicians, dictation of artists' methods, and inhibiting belief that art's content must be heroic, realist, moral or eugenic.

It is, of course, immensely more important that new works of art are created than that scholars, critics, lawyers, politicians and self-styled art experts should demonstrate any intelligence or taste whatsoever. Five young promising painters are currently represented in the Uptown Gallery exhibition in Queen Street. The first, Philippa Sanders, paints a figure in a chair recurring in rich and subdued colours. Pauline Thompson's three exciting paintings mingle whimsy and bright-

(4) A loan can be easily raised and easily paid off. I am informed that the Students' Association can obtain a loan for the building from the University Council whenever they want it. The present building fund levy of £3 per head would pay off the capital of an £80,000 loan in five years.

As far as I can see, there are only two reasons which can be presented in favour of continuing the appeal.

(1) It would be a good thing to have the building free of debt from the first.

(2) The Government's £ for £ subsidy for money raised would be lost, and twice the money would have to be raised by a loan.

The first point, a counsel of perfection (what building of half a million pounds is ever erected entirely free of debt?) is not an overwhelming objection. The second point is regrettable, but the considerations involved should be weighed up carefully; and it seems to me that a loan taking less than 10 years to pay off is no great disability when compared with the blood, sweat and tears £40,000 from the Government required to evoke the second.

If the appeal is wound up within a couple of months, it will be interpreted not as an admission of failure but as a realistic move and the right one to take; it will be a weight off the public mind and it will allow students to do something more important with their time than hawking raffle tickets from door to door.

—MALCOLM FRASER

ness. The two ink drawings have a similar strength.

John Perry's quiet but vigorous abstracts combine a personal intensity of vision with the mass and emptiness traditionally associated with landscapes. Geoff Thornley's six brilliantly bold and inventive pencil drawings are figurally related to a common theme. His one big painting is disturbing but retains the control of an oriental carpet. Warren Viscoe has a mature and sensitive talent which evidences both technical finesse and fine imaginative conceptions.

The whole exhibition is indicative of brilliance, bold freshness and inventive vitality, coupled with high technical competence, subtle good taste, and a remarkably mature sense of coherence.

Mr Barry Letts's enterprise may prove to be historically significant in fostering a native style which has yet to be recognised overseas.

If prejudice, vanity, servitude and indifference, together with their causes, are eradicated, a profound respect for the professional artist and the potential artist may flourish. The Government can play a vital role in fostering the growth of art, but to predict what will happen in New Zealand might be construed as impudence. One could say Frances Hodgkins told us so, but one could hope that she was wrong.—Kurt von Meier.

izes

ART AIN'T ALL PAINT

ART ain't all paint, but then neither is art the awful farce that Mr Kelliher would have us believe.

We deserve it, of course.

Poor gullible New Zealanders; we're hungry for a little culture and the opportunity to pretend that we know what it is. But having allowed the missionaries and the colonisers to destroy a perfectly valid oral and visual Polynesian culture, and having allowed a second-hand culture to supplant it, we are hardly in a position to protest when the culture vultures raise their ugly heads and are heartily welcomed by that strange band of journalists who would enjoy the title "art critics" in no other country in the world but this one. When not messing you up, they are taking you down, and among the real low-downs that would-be artists and art lovers have been taken to for the last few years is the Kelliher Art Prize for Landscapes.

What distinguishes the Kelliher Prize from the other annual prizes for painting in New Zealand is its money value. Simply by doubling the prize money, Mr Kelliher would be assured of doubling the enthusiasm of artists, press and the public. This fiasco could more aptly be called the Kelliher Prize of Publicity.

Art is not to be had for money (despite the recent antics of the world "Masters" market). It is never competitive. It is furthest from that process which its promoters and patrons practice — automatic production and shrewd salesmanship. What, I wonder, is the attraction of art for such men? Is art a counter-balance to their mechanical and non-creative minds, or is it merely some gimmick to advertise conspicuously their success in those very acts? Disinterested patronage might be a good thing if it were ever allowed to exist. But if the patron does not himself set the conditions, some abject functionary, fearful of the anarchic creative spirit, arises to dictate obedience to old laws, prolonging the agony of failing traditions.

It is the conditions of entry framed by the New Zealand Fellowship of Artists which make the Kelliher Art Prize such a joke. Entrants are advised not to create a painting, but to illustrate a certain subject (typical and popular geographical features were suggested). Not satisfied with ordering the motif, they order the style too, but with somewhat less success, being limited to a religious slice of life of art history some thousandth part of the loaf and so mouldy as to be virtually unrecognisable. When self-praising art lovers cast about for standards

of taste in such doubtful waters as the New Zealand Fellowship of Artists, they are, by this very act, admitting their ignorance of, and lack of sympathy for, the creative process and are bound to end up with a tin fish. And when the Fellowship stoops to conditional competitions to objectify or prove its criteria of taste, it displays the reality of that aesthetic vacuum which allows it to exist at all, for this organisation has a membership, the greatest part of which has already been rejected in the competition for active participation in the recognised art societies of New Zealand. To cover their inferiority and frame their collective complex, they have raised such a spectre of degeneracy in all art but the kind they like as — in its social implications — with the 1933 Kampfbund für Deutsche Kultur, but without authority and with only a very ineffectual organ of propaganda they resemble rather the Pre-Raphaelite fantasy. They might very well have modelled themselves on that "Brotherhood" if more than two of their membership could paint.

Where Art They?

The value of competition in painting is well proved by comparing the number of "successful" painters with the number of genuinely creative ones, few of whom ever won a prize in their lives. What happens to all the first and second prize winners that art schools, art societies, scholarships, memorial estates and sales promotion stunts throw up year after year? Where is their work? Are they too busy protecting a successful reputation to produce any, or do they fear change to such an extent that they have reached that stage of professionalism known as intellectual death?

To win a prize in a closed competition is an insult to the artist's individuality, as embarrassing as being elected to the New Zealand Academy of Fine Arts.

Heaven help the presumptuous Mr Kelliher, who, it seems, claims to be the end product of 25,000 years of humanity's agonising search for visual truth. He says he knows what art is.

I have discussed the implied claim with members of the New Zealand Fellowship of Artists, of which Mr Kelliher has become the figurehead, and found among the shabby thinking, and even shabbier painted evidence of those people the view that art (with a capital A) is real or true art if it resembles a coloured photograph.

May I suggest that some aspiring arts graduate or sociologist conduct an enquiry into the status of authority in New Zealand cultural life, starting perhaps with the framing of the creed of the New represent fairly accurately the state of art societies throughout New Zealand. In these backwaters of creative energy, this dross-hole following through to the abject opportunism of gallery and art society officials, and to the ever floundering Gilbertian press. What a field day. Analysed and tabulated, this minor comedy would up" by barons of commerce, and point where the creed is "taken Zealand Fellowship of Artists, continuing the scrutiny to the of visual experience, Mr Kelliher has found his champions — as drab a collection of traditionalists as ever lowered their eyes from a Pascine nude or raised a temperature over a Hitchins landscape.

Their spokesmen know no opposition. They have atrophied to the texture and disposition of the tuatara, and lose even that animal's consoling attribute — its ability to move when necessary. But these internal windings of frustrated brush hands are unimportant. If their organisational minds declare art is democratic, let them fret away their weekends for blue, as against grey, skies. If any part of this hilarious process is to be taken seriously.

In the last resort the motif or subject of a painting is irrelevant, and only the manner of its execution remains to prove the insatiable curiosity, adaptability and hopefulness of the creative experience. Why newspapers align themselves against any evidence of new visual awareness is difficult to contemplate, unless, of course, they remain, like Mr Kelliher, ignorant of the forces of change but determined to protect what little they have contrived for their own well being. This amounts to a dictatorship of taste in the whole visual-plastic-arts field, but in this closed shop its patrons, its managers and its fellowship of clerks know they will die peacefully, for their burglar-proof doors and hurricane shutters are imported traditions serving no purpose where there are no hurricanes, and only petty thieves like myself.

New art shops are springing up throughout New Zealand — shops that will be selling prints and paintings. Will these shops trust the stranger with new habits, or will they in turn become blind, precious — biased by the prevailing dictatorship of conservatism? Perhaps these tendencies are inescapable in the evolution of a people, a country, a culture; but rarely do they occur with such transparency of conception and ineptitude of execution as has been demonstrated in the Kelliher Art Prize Competition. Mr Kelliher, of course, would hardly know that he has been sold a pup. But — as we say of certain gifts — "it's the thought behind it that counts."

—DENNIS TURNER

FLANAGAN — fifty, fisted and still fertile — is the wonder of this or any other age. He sits be-throned, a fecund Falstaff, a Knight of the Round John, white monoliths of rotundity peppered by the chilly vapours of closetal exposure.

An arm in introspection, in the successive preoccupations of williness and wisdom, ruffles the abrupt tufts of hair that are like gorse bushes in a lean month. A Medusa might have envied that countenance, more gargoyles than Face: a palaeontologist's paradise. An archaeologist with a toothpick would have been in a seventh level of ecstasy. His eyebrows made rugged prophecies. His mouth a volcano's lava naked rim; his tongue an eruption.

FLANAGAN'S FOOT BOOK

(From the Journal of a Retired Yet Rambunctious Rimbaud)

What walrus's armpit matched the drooping grandeur of Flanagan's moustache? Flanagan's hands were fistfuls of sausages; his arms were sawn off shotguns; Flanagan's armpits were like three bushels of tarantulas.

Brown trousers: so baggy you could hide a coffin in them; beneath lurked legs which looked and smelt like venereal peppertrees. If he had a navel, it was a corkscrew sunk in a hirsute wilderness of obesity.

What Bullring had as many tiers as Flanagan's belly? None. Flanagan's feet were as wide as an Irish wolfhound's dinner plate and twice as thick. A broadside from his buttocks would have sunk a galleon in full sail.

The belch of a second mouth is a prelude to an anal fugue. Within the sovereign tract the brown statement of a visceral intention acquired oracular profundity; expectant arachnid tourists near the magisterial blowhole awaited the inverted Delphic oracle's immutable decree. Gargantuan birth quivered at the hairy hinge. The door creaks open, the gross ambassador points towards the conferring waters.

There was a clap of blunder.

What graduality was felt?

— A sumptuous expansion was felt, a generous lenitude; the common canal of clinging ships; an instrument of gravitational insistence.

— Tightness? The liquid luxuries of looseness loom little: a strained launching: a tortured groaning: a tense deliverance.

Was the timing fragmented?

— A slow Chinese punctuation: a much slower than staccato progression: an episodic saga: a pressed release. What termination after the gap in the enamelled cosmos? Splash. A tallboy in the not yet briny: delegate to marine denizens.

What school of symmetry was widened? None. A zeppelin of zeal: an amorphous liceberg: a sentence of the vigorous bowel's vowels.

Did Flanagan sing the laxative lyric? He did: what linear arrogance: mere stubborn speculation made fruitful: the felony of kit-tens, jovian issue: what unrelenting orotund masculinity: free will triumphant: Nostradamian fulfilment of the inner man.

Has this bronze artefact cyclic

Demise of a Dilettante

Interviewed in his Majorca holiday lodge last week, B. F. Babington "Craccum" Literary Editor, confirmed reports that he was resigning. Glancing up from his giant Disney comic (c.f. his essay "Dante, Duck-burg and Dylan Thomas" (St. Theresa University Press, Wisconsin), he said: "My retirement is a protest against the growing copraphological trends in official criticism." Mr Babington told us that in his retirement he would continue work on a 998-page novel written in the style of a parody of Rebecca West criticising the elder Henry James admonishing the younger.

Reviews

In Praise of Conspectus

At last Literary Society's publication of criticism has appeared. This article is an attempt to give a short analysis and criticism of the magazine.

Charles Doyle's article entitled somewhat pretentiously "Making It with the Muse" is a sound dissertation on New Zealand writing. Mr Doyle intends to show the inadequacies of the "Curnovian school" of literature by an analysis of the implications of their views in the theoretical field. He endeavours to demonstrate the "school's" inadequacy by reference to poetry written during the last ten years.

I am not at all sure that some of the statements and implications attributed to the "Curnovians" would be admitted by them in the form in which Mr Doyle presents them. If you consider this kind of discussion to be significant, and if you enjoy such subtly sarcastic thrusts as the title, and "Mr Curnow's triumvirate", then the article will prove both entertaining and informative.

One of the best contributions is Rodney Denham's "Florio's A Worlde Of Wordes". Here an unusual thesis is presented and sustained. The thesis is that John Florio's Italian-English dictionary entitled "A Worlde of Wordes" has influenced Shakespeare in the writing of his plays and can also be regarded as a window on Elizabethan and Jacobean worlds. By close reference to his text the thesis is presented and "proved" and a subject as boring as lexicography is revitalised in a stimulating piece of scholarship.

G. F. Waller's "The Clash of Traditions in the Early Poetry of Robert Lowell" is the product of researching a poet little known in New Zealand. Once the facts

of Lowell's life are established, the poetry is interpreted in terms of these facts. A basis on which to build something is constructed, but nothing further eventuates. Mr Waller's thesis contains nothing to dazzle the intellect, and is long-winded and verbose. Lowell's text is kept immediate to the essay's content. The study is competent, but its length results in tedium.

"Milton after Eliot", by Ronald Tamplin is a clear, careful presentation of an analysis of T. S. Eliot's criticism of Milton. Mr Tamplin analyses Eliot's criticism and in part destroys it in terms of the poet's later revisions of his own views and in terms of the poet's own poetic practice. The essay would have been sounder had Eliot's view been refuted by reference to Milton's works. As the work stands the title might just as well be "Eliot after Milton". An unpleasing feature is a tabulation of points made in the article. This would have been justified in a zoological treatise on amoeba, but not in the context of Mr Tamplin's article.

Tamplin's analysis of the ways in which Milton might provide guidance for the poets of today is sound, and the over-all impression is of quiet, methodical scholarship.

The basic concept of Grant Hemus's "Darkness and Light in Bussy D'Ambois" is that of inconsistencies. Mr Hemus briefly and inadequately differentiates between "esoteric" and "normal" meanings of light and darkness. As this thesis of differentiation is

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Continued from previous page

qualities? Definitely. Ambiguous action made actual: Finality of incarnation evolution's rump card: what completion what crystallised murky complexity: animal knowledge: as Crispin never was: preceptor to the sea.

Flanagan the lion-loined was supreme arbiter, mentor and creator, he was the cult of himself with parliamentary powers of revision. He was the seed of himself and the flower and the means of fertilment. Flangan considered the mysteries of the Universe of Buddhism, of Islam, of Christianity, of Trinities blessed and unblest, of singularity and globularity, of sacrifice, of resurrection, of death, life, birth and their causes back to a Ylemic infinity, and to a beginning beyond a decision to be. He gave time to scintology, to Freud, to Alice A. Bailey, Krishnamurti, to semantics, thought systems, Carl Jung, transubstantiation, Dostoevsky, Colin Wilson, Borges and James Elroy Flecker; he considered Rosicrucianism, puns, tadpoles, telegrams, power, the crispness of Sturmer apples, SATORIS vulcanology, the Bessemer process, soleinoids, LASER omissions, the Brown theory of polar ice accumulation, Immanuels both Kant and Velikovsky, the fatness of geese, the ubiquity of breathing, local anaesthetics, theories of Garnow, Ryle, Hoyle and Colonel James Churchward, thistles, dampness, the criminal definition of insanity, cybernetics, telepathy, assassinations, the bulging picked pimples of his daughter's (Bridget's) current beau. He was not hasty in his decision: Flanagan annulled the dry inapplicable wisdom of maculate millenia. He subdued sensory contradictions. Flanagan forgot his Gaelic patriotism, and the shillalegh bequeathed by his ginger-whiskered grandfather, Tim Flanagan, who coughed

in baritone in a Waterford Church for thirty years.

—Flanagan was the maestro of finite exhausts, an Emperor of Excretion. He made a further law therefore: the palpable messengers of accomplishment? A lessening of purgatorial pressures: a rancid emanation: a mephitic myrrh.

—The spider on the geometric linoleum finched: message received over and out. Out. Lest he coil a subtle fire web in obscure crevices.

—Did infatuation, did concern mythic and real (prehensile polemics) become regurgitated? They did. Flangan comprehended the wisdom of proverbs. Do we not say that all things are a means to an end? We do. What truth! What philosophy!

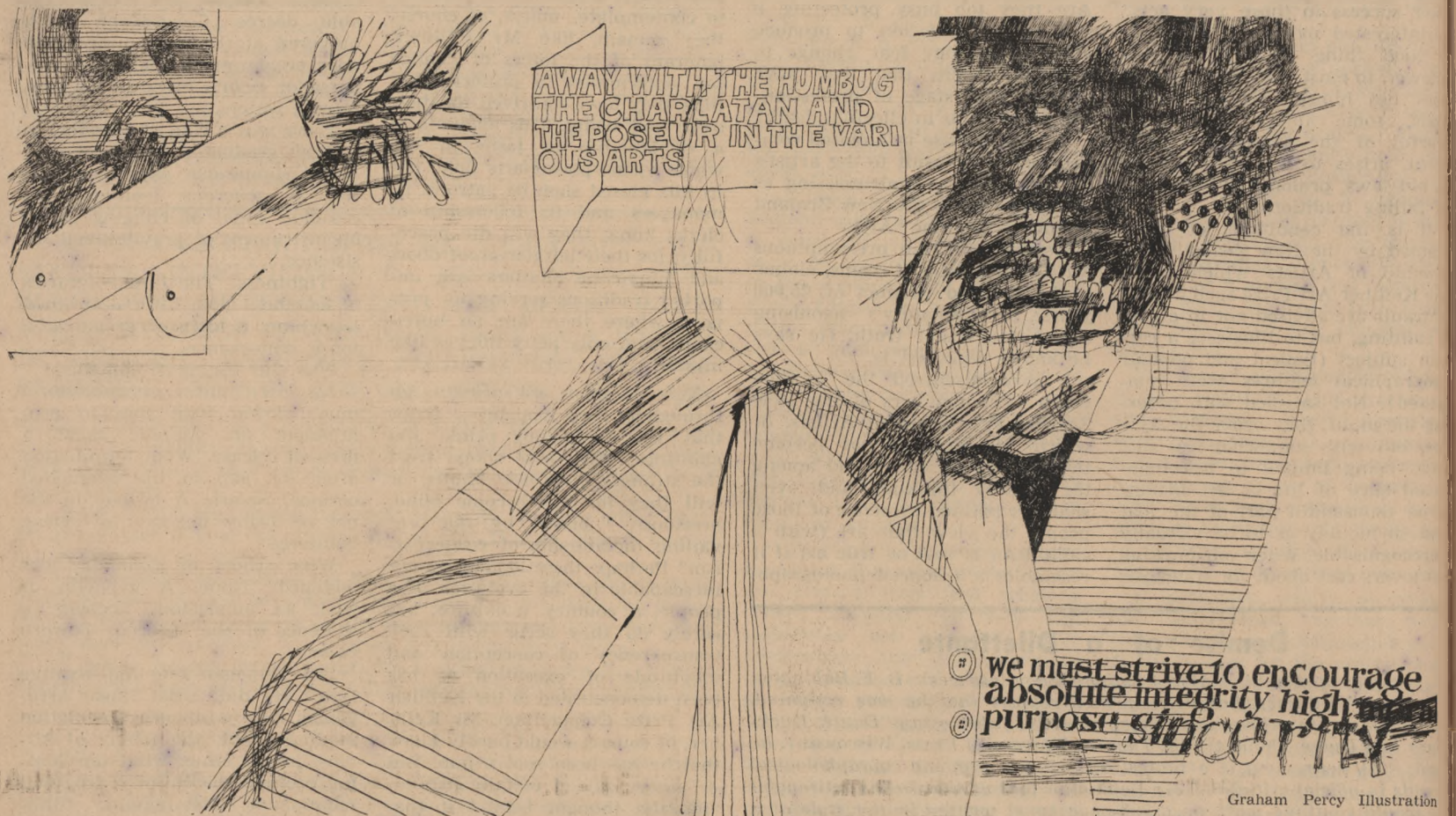
—Constipation's Agamemnon? Truly. Had Plato seen this final form how transformed Western philosophy.

—Gastronomy's metamorphosis? Duplicity's executor? Time's tutorial? Yes.

—Flangan surrendered to mortality. He elevated, second haunch brain in the rumoured rumps of Brontosauri appropriately involved. Great grope in the rusty regions of Flanagan was made: the mercurial babysoft tissues made a slippery mockery of his grasping arpeggios. Babel tower quaked with engineering languages of obtuse posture: epic heroic couplets were coined in the mighty sinews: the calls of port were roped.

—Flanagan stood upright a free man. Rapunzel-like the chain enticed him: the chain was embraced: a descension: a dungeon's poetry sprang awake: the tempest was colossal. Flanagan bent: trousered up. Belted. Flanagan came forth flushed and firm. Gentlemen: business is Blooming.

M. MORRISSEY



Graham Percy Illustration

A gentleman currently heading the newly formed Queen Elizabeth II Arts Council is reported to have said that he is going to wipe the shams, the fakes, the poseurs, from the arts in New Zealand.

HOW TO SUCCEED AT PRINCETON

Out of a record number of 4,908 applications, Princeton University recently accepted only 1,165. Among the outstanding students who got in was Joseph David Oznot, son of a wealthy private detective from East Lansing, Mich. Oznot had been first in his class, a concert pianist, on the varsity lacrosse team. Even though he worked summers as a clerk, he found time to study calculus and Virgil. Director of Admissions E. Alden Dunham was looking forward to meeting the unusually gifted student, but last week he got word that he couldn't. Reason: Oznot (rhymes with was not) is not.

Oznot was invented last October by four Princeton sophomores just for fun. They got a Princeton application form, sent it to a confederate at Michigan State University who forwarded a bogus transcript of Oznot's high school record, along with glowing recommendations from teachers. When it came time to take the college entrance boards, two members of the Princeton quartet signed in as Oznot, scored in the high 700s (top, 800). When Oznot had to appear for a personal interview, the Princetonians induced a friend from Columbia University to pose.

He showed up with a copy of Virgil under one arm, Sports Illustrated under the other, and made a great impression.

"From then on," said one of the conspirators, "we were pretty sure we had it made." "A magnificent hoax," laughed Admissions Director Dunham.

Flushed with success, the four are looking forward to next year. "We'd like to get Joe's girl friend into Vassar," a spokesman said.



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Allegations

Vandalism at Ardmore?

ENGINEERING students have reason to believe that the recent disgusting outburst of vandalism at Ardmore was incited by President Romanuk.

On the morning of April 20 the five post-graduate research engineers resident in a small self-contained house annexed to Lamb House, awakened to find that their house had been defaced by vandals. Obscene words and phrases had been scrawled over walls and windows in poster paint and plastic house paint of a variety of colours. In addition, paint had been splattered indiscriminately over doors, windows and walls, and a number of signs, mostly rather obscure in meaning but presumably intended to be humorous, had been erected outside the house. One of the signs had been painted on a locker door originally in the men's common room in Princes Street.

Four cars and one motor-cycle parked around the hostel had been decorated with obscenities and splashes of plastic paint.

Further obscenities had been painted liberally around Lamb House itself, and large splotches of paint had been daubed at random over neighbouring buildings — engineering school library, garage, and an office building.

At first it appeared to be the work of an uneducated pervert,

but recent evidence has shown it to be that of university students. This had obviously gone further than a student joke. None of the paint could be removed from the buildings without leaving a stain. This means repainting them (at a cost estimated at £50).

Luckily the larrikins responsible for this willful damage to university property did not carry out their task unnoticed. The van they used was found to belong to the father of Herb Romanuk, President of AUSA. This pointed to President Romanuk's involvement.

In a series of telephone calls with the President of the Engineering Society and the Warden of Lamb House, Mr Romanuk first admitted knowledge of the raid, but refused to accept any responsibility. He then refused to either repaint the house, or arrange for others to do so. When finally told that the Ministry of Works would paint the house and that he would be billed, Mr Romanuk consulted his friends and then agreed to have the house repainted in the first week of the May holidays.

It is hard to see any purpose in this attack. By no stretch of the imagination could it be considered

amusing, as none of the signs were even remotely funny. The damage doesn't worry the residents, as obviously they are not going to clean it off or have to pay for any repairs. The only mild disadvantage to them is that they are prevented from entertaining without subjecting their guests to the embarrassment of the unseemly filth on the outside walls. THIS WAS SHEER WANTON VANDALISM!

In 1961, the now famous raid by engineers on O'Rourke Hall took place. This involved a group of about 25 engineering students, of which the President of the Engineering Society was not a member. However, when engineers were accused the President took full responsibility. In the recent raid on Ardmore, Mr Romanuk IS implicated, yet he refuses to accept any responsibility.

Perhaps President Romanuk was not actually at Ardmore on April 20. If so he must have lent his father's van to his friends, knowing what use they were going to put it to. In any case the residents of the house assure me that, while Mr Romanuk may bear some kind of grudge against them, none of his friends do. Thus it seems that Mr Romanuk, if not actually present, was getting somebody else to do HIS dirty work. Whatever the degree to which he was implicated, President Romanuk should:

- accept responsibility; and
- expose the other culprits, or else resign from his position of President of an Executive which considers itself the arbiter of student behaviour.

—Ardmore Correspondent

When confronted by Cracum, Romanuk said he was shocked at the discovery of this outrage.

"I shall promptly tell my father," he went on, "not to associate with Ardmore students in the future. It especially perturbed me to see that he has been implicated in the scrawling of obscenities on a wall. I think he may have to leave home."

Cracum has been informed that this was a carefully planned stunt involving only water paint, though one tin of plastic paint had been taken by mistake, and was done in a spirit of fun. Those responsible had undertaken to repair any damage.

A ONE-SIDED

THO' SHARP

APPRAISAL OF

VERSE AND

WORSE

by

MURGATROYD

Anon, in gentler accents we are hailed;
One of the fair sex, by the Muse assailed,
Claims our attention, wonderment excites,
At once the Eye and Mind of men delights.
Her Talents bravely in her verses shown,
Though briefly blooming, almost overblown,
Lest it be said, behind the men she lags,
A nice New Zealand poem forth she drags;
Sheepish, her woolly thoughts graze all around,
Where pitifully little grass is found;
If not unseen, perhaps she'd better blush
At least unprinted, lest a mighty Rush
Of similar Sapphos follow where she led,
And, in Despair, all other poets fall dead.
True, long fair hair may cloak dull cobs of Corn,
How else connect this grain with sweet Miss H——NE?
Behind her comes a rather motley group
A valiant Swain heads this adoring troupe
His biteless bark gives us but little rest,
Ready to run or stay at her behest.
Dogging her footsteps, always with one eye
Fixed on his mistress, ears and curls awry,
This faithful J——N, I fear, will stay quite K——NE.
Though childish, innocent H——MUS, too, is seen.

But now appears the Hero of my tale,
Whose verse, he hopes, will make the critics quail,
His charming bedtime story of a Virgin
(Who lost her opportunity to burgeon
Thanks to the training of the Welfare State)
Is, on the whole, embarrassing to relate,
Not for the Pictures that it brings to mind
(A little more than cruel, and less than kind)
But for a reason which is far, far worse:
The awful, staggering Badness of his verse.
Who would not feel some motion of compassion
For sometime Greats who write in such a fashion?
Desperately striving to maintain their seat
Among the few whose lines we still repeat,
The ageing Poets, who have had their day,
And will not die, and cannot fade away,
But linger on to plague us with their sighs,
To irk poor readers with their parrot cries;
Fine feathers moulting, voices growing hoarse,
As a last hope, they turn to something Coarse,
Which thanks to our brave Students' Watch Committee,
Earns them a little praise, a lot of pity.
The whole sad Business may their Ego mend,
Then, like this poem, they'll have a peaceful
END.

—MURGATROYD

Unweeded as this Garden may appear,
Yet some Choice Plants have dug themselves in here,
And though the jug of wine in vain be sought,
The verse, in several books, is easily bought;
In place of "Thou" (which may mean something Rude,
Such as an Ill-famed Woman, or a Nude),
New fledgling Writers singing all around
Lend to this Wilderness a Cultured sound,
And diligently carol their own lays;
Does not their obvious Brilliance merit praise?
Thus did I reason, and resolved somehow
To humbly sing their praises here and now.

First, that fine poet and very-married man
Whose verse is Heaven to read (though Hell to scan),
Tells, in his latest plunge beneath waves
Of Poesy, how the Hedgehog's mind behaves,
So feelingly, that, were it not well-known
Such base, unworthy thoughts he'd never own,
You'd swear he meant it for a gentle caper,
Just to deflate the ego of OUR PAPER.
Such swirls of Language! Such great foam of Phrase!
He says one thing in quite one hundred ways,
Let but a strand of sense his surgings spoil,
He drowns it ere he signs his name — "CH—S. D——LE".
Nor does he sing alone, for close behind
Press other choristers of Poetic mind,
There, in the vanguard, strides a noble youth,
Of aspect surly, but of garments outh,
Learned in the highest of High German lore,
Who churns out mighty verses by the score,
Yea also, in the monthly oracle, mounts
Tales of peculiar Transylvanian Counts,
Then, to provide some Light Relief, imbues
With biological terms his book reviews.
Who would not smile, if such a lad there be?
Who would not laugh, if B——INGTON were he?

But soft! What voice is this, which at such length
Discourses, nor diminishes in strength?
A Stranger to these far Pacific shores
Cries gaily, "Let me add my strength to yours!
Such awful Apathy I've never seen!
Awake, arise, and learn what Life must mean.
Sunk, like the Sloth, in Lethargy you sleep,
In well-worn ruts of Ruin, led like Sheep,
Down primrose paths of Dalliance you stray,
Stuck in the mud, like Balaam's Ass you bray!
Grow up, and look around the world, like me;
Slay but this don't-care dragon, crack this Flea,
Swoll'n with the nation's Lifeblood, in your ear;
Be not afraid; America is near!
Besides (as I perhaps forgot to mention)
My own experience is of vast extension,
I've been from Yokohama to Peru
(I only left a bride in one, it's true . . .)
But take the teaching of my peregrinations,
Along with these few literary creations;
Free, gratis an for nothing I donate 'em,
AND you may quote each word I say, verbatim!"
A trifle dazed, we greet this wandering spirit,
And stand, bemused, round Mr W——IAM M——ET.

NZUSA HELP COOK ISLANDERS — Yeah, Yeah, Yeah!

The NZUSA, on behalf of the constituent Student Executives, has purchased — no doubt at bargain basement prices — two cast-off Gestetners of "fairly good quality" (City Mission-wise) and a typewriter (an indication that Cook Islanders can write). They are to be sent to the Cook Islands.

Government is not to take possession. Some private organ is to be the recipient of this beneficent charity, except perhaps the jazz will not go to a trade union or to an opposition party.

But alack lament. To quote NZUSA propaganda . . . "many groups to whom these things could be sent have not got the technical skill to use them." Shame on NZ educational efforts, if the preparation of stencils and handle twirling is beyond the possibility of the most ingenuous Cook Island kid. An illustration, no doubt, of the inherently superior culture of the NZUSA bureaucrats.

"Undoubtedly more publicity is needed about the problems facing the Cook Islands," said the ubiquitous Miss Wiley, in what capacity we know not, in a press release to *Craccum*. "The government cannot be expected to invest an unlimited amount of money in the Cook Islands, because she will be depriving New Zealand of money that her developing economy also needs urgently," went on Miss Wiley, presumably speaking on behalf of the government.

"It is up to private organisations to help as well, and NZUSA

is making a small beginning in a problem that is facing not only the New Zealand government, but the whole country," concluded lamplighter Wiley, young NZ's re-tort to Mabel Howard.—J. Sanders

Continued from page 4

not developed by specific reference to a group of characters, or explained in irony, the thesis is not tenable. The reader is left to read "Bussy D'Ambois" in order to evaluate the implications of an examination of "Darkness and Light."

There are far-reaching implications of the reappearance of *Conspectus*. Students now have at their disposal an organ of critical expression. The over-all quality is of a high standard. This publication is of value to every English student and a worthwhile investment for those interested in the serious study of literature.

—JOHN KEENE

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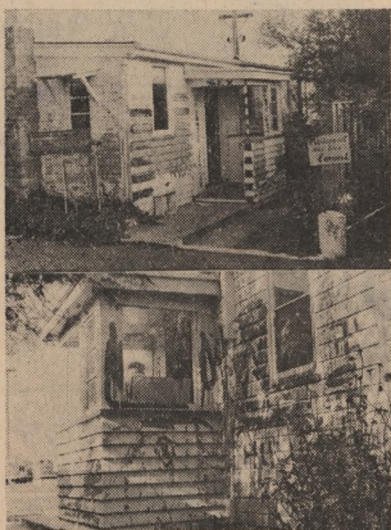
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Evidence of vandalism at Ardmore
(see page 6)

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To the memory of my beloved, the Author, Mr William Shakespeare: and what he hath left us

To draw no envy (Shakespeare) on thy name,
 Am I thus ample to thy Booke, and Fame:
 While I confesse thy writings to be such,
 As neither Man, nor Muse, can praise too much.
 'Tis true, and all mens suffrage. But these wayes
 Were not the paths I meant unto thy praise:
 For seeliest Ignorance on these may light,
 Which, when it sounds at best, but echo's right;
 Or blinde Affection, which doth ne'er advance
 The truth, but gropes, and urgeth all by chance:
 Or crafty Malice, might pretend this praise,
 And thinke to ruine, where it seem'd to raise.
 These are, as some infamous Baud, or whore,
 Should praise a Matron. What could hurt her more?
 But thou art prooffe against them, and indeed
 Above th' ill fortune of them, or the need.
 I, therefore will begin. Soule of the Age!
 The applause! delight! the wonder of our Stage!
 My *Shakespeare*, rise; I will not lodge thee by
Chaucer, or *Spenser*, or bid *Beaumont* lye
 A little further, to make thee a roome:
 Thou art a Monument, without a tombe,
 And art alive still, while thy Booke doth live,
 And we have wits to read, and praise to give.
 That I not mixe thee so, my braine excuses;
 I meane with great, but disproportion'd *Muses*,
 For, if I thought my judgment were of yeeres,
 I should commit thee surely with thy peeres,
 And tell, how farre thou didst our *Lily* out-shine,
 Or sporting *Kid*, or *Marlowes* mighty line,
 And though thou hadst small *Latine*, and lesse *Greeke*,
 From thence to honour thee I would not seeke
 For names; but call forth thundring *Aeschilus*,
Euripides, and *Sophocles* to us,
Paccuvius, *Accius*, him of *Cordova* dead,
 To life againe, to heare thy *Buskin* tread,
 And shake a Stage: Or, when thy *Sockes* were on,
 Leave thee alone, for the comparison
 Of all, that insolent *Greece*, or haughtie *Rome*
 Sent forth, or since did from their ashes come.
 Triumph, my *Britaine*, thou hast one to shoue,

To whom all Scenes of *Europe* homage owe.
 He was not of an age, but for all time!
 And all the *Muses* still were in their prime,
 When like *Apollo* he came forth to warme,
 Our eares, or like a *Mercury* to charme!
 Nature her selfe was proud of his designs,
 And joy'd to weare the dressing of his lines!
 Which were so richly spun, and woven so fit,
 As, since, she will vouchsafe no other Wit.
 The merry *Greeke*, tart *Aristophanes*,
 Neat *Terence*, witty *Plautus*, now not please;
 But antiquated, and deserted lye,
 As they were not of *Natures* family.
 Yet must I not give Nature all: Thy Art,
 My gentle *Shakespeare*, must enjoy a part.
 For though the *Poets* matter, Nature be,
 His Art doth give the fashion. And, that he,
 Who casts to write a living line, must sweat,
 (Such as thine are) and strike the second heat
 Upon the *Muses* anvile: turne the same,
 (And himself with it) that he thinkes to frame;
 Or for the lawrell, he may gaine a scorne,
 For a good *Poet's* made, as well as borne.
 And such wert thou. Looke how the fathers face
 Lives in his issue, even so, the race
 Of *Shakespeares* minde, the manners brightly shines
 In his well turned, and true-fil'd lines:
 In each of which, he seemes to shake a Lance,
 As brandish'd at the eyes of Ignorance.
 Sweet Swan of *Avon*! what a sight it were
 To see thee in our waters yet appeare,
 And make those flights upon the bankes of *Thames*,
 That so did take *Eliza*, and our *James*!
 But stay, I see thee in the *Hemisphere*
 Advanc'd, and made a Constellation there
 Shine forth, thou Starre of *Poets*, and with rage,
 Or influence, chide, or cheere the drooping Stage;
 Which, since thy flight from hence, hath mourn'd like night,
 And despaire's day, but for thy Volumes light.

First Folio of Shakespeare, 1623

Ben Jonson

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